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# *The Hepworth Year Book*

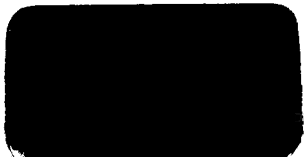
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# THE HEPWORTH YEAR BOOK

COMPILED FROM THE WRITINGS OF

GEORGE H. HEPWORTH

AUTHOR OF "HIRAM GOLF'S RELIGION," "THE FARMER AND  
THE LORD," ETC., ETC.



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

31 WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET

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## *JANUARY.*

*Yet I doubt not thro' the ages one increasing purpose  
runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process  
of the suns.*

TENNYSON.





# THE HEPWORTH YEAR BOOK.

## *January First.*

You can make a great many resolutions in five minutes, but it will take a lifetime to keep them.

## *January Second.*

Christ began and ended his earthly career in the belief that this was God's world and not His, while we begin and end it under the conviction that the world is ours and not God's.

*January Third.*

Nobody gets out of his life half as much as God has put into it.

*January Fourth.*

The forbearance of the Almighty with our wilfulness and conceit, His everlasting patience with us, is one of the most wonderful facts of the universe, and one of the most thrilling and startling.

*January Fifth.*

Open your mouth to say all the good you can of every one, but seal your mouth against the utterance of a mean sarcasm or suspicion.

*January Sixth.*

There is no experience which may not be used for your benefit if you and God engage in the task together.

*January Seventh.*

Death is only the servant who opens the door when Providence rings the bell, and ushers you into the larger building, where you will have the chance to become a larger man.

*January Eighth.*

The religion of Christ states that in morals, as in mathematics, two and two make four, and if you think otherwise no power in heaven or earth can make your books balance.

*January Ninth.*

It is profitable to so far anticipate the future that you prepare to meet it; but when you have done all that can be done, it is exceedingly unprofitable to so weaken yourself by worry that the coming sorrow is doubled in weight.

*January Tenth.*

There is no happiness except in obedience, not even a scintilla, and just so long as we are wilful and selfish, so long we must take the consequences.

*January Eleventh.*

Take away from the compass all disturbing substances, let the needle obey

its natural impulse, and it will swing to the north. Under like conditions the soul will swing toward heaven.

*January Twelfth.*

The path by which you reach the top of a mountain is of no consequence whatever, and if your neighbor chooses to get there in some other way you are very ungracious if you denounce him for exercising his own judgment instead of following yours. His brains belong to him and your brains belong to you. You may do as you please and he may do as he pleases.

*January Thirteenth.*

Religion is the science which tells us how to produce the highest results, and

as such no man can afford to be indifferent to it.

*January Fourteenth.*

Hell is simply the displeasure of God mingled with your condemnation of yourself. Brimstone fires are nothing in comparison with the flames of remorse and self-reproach.

*January Fifteenth.*

There is no sleight of hand possible with the verities of God, and the sternest of all facts is that you cannot be made good by a miracle and cannot be happy unless you have earned the right to happiness by rectitude of life.

*January Sixteenth.*

It takes but little to make the soul contented if we do not try to make our avarice and our envy contented also.

*January Seventeenth.*

If we are made in the image of God, and if He did breathe into us the breath of His own life, then we should not only feel chagrin at the little we have accomplished, but be encouraged to begin another day's work with the hope of better results.

*January Eighteenth.*

Not alone, never alone, but always in the companionship of ministering spirits, enjoined by the Father to do us good service if we will allow them to do so.



*January Nineteenth.*

We wonder why God does not arrange matters differently, and at the same time the angels are wondering why we do not see things differently.

*January Twentieth.*

A large part of our discontent comes from not having what we ourselves think we ought to have, but what Providence evidently regards as unnecessary to our development.

*January Twenty-first.*

The noblest souls that walk the earth have suffered. Greatness cannot be attained without trial and struggle, any more than wheat will grow in an unplowed field.

*January Twenty-second.*

You can grumble until even good luck turns to bad, or you can be so good-natured that even bad luck will turn to good.

*January Twenty-third.*

To spread a rumor of evil concerning any one, and especially concerning any woman, is to do an act at which the angels weep and on which the very heavens frown.

*January Twenty-fourth.*

Your relations to God are not to be shaken by the fact that you do not understand His providence. On the contrary, when the path is rugged and the night

is dark—and very dark indeed it is sometimes—cling all the closer to your faith, for it is the only thing under the stars that can give you help.

*January Twenty-fifth.*

Be sure that the Almighty made no mistake when He declared that no one can be contented with his back to the right and his face to the wrong.

*January Twenty-sixth.*

He never sent a cloud that had not a silver lining, and in His all-including providence no event can occur which has not attached to it some measure of hope and cheer.

*January Twenty-seventh.*

There never yet was an environment so perfect that a man could not find fault with it if he had a bitter soul, nor an environment so full of hardship that a man could not find some comfort in it if he was willing to look and knew where to look.

*January Twenty-eighth.*

As much as lies in your power—and it is a quality of character which admits of great development—live in to-day. Cultivate a quiet and peaceful frame of mind. He did it and was undisturbed by threatening circumstance, and you may follow afar off.

*January Twenty-ninth.*

Religion is not a sentimental mystery, which glosses over your wicked life when

you know perfectly well that it ought not to be glossed over. On the other hand, it is the warning voice of a Father, who tells you that you must sow corn if you would reap corn, and that if you do not sow corn you will have no corn to eat.

*January Thirtieth.*

Selfishness is the cause of nine-tenths of the misery in the world and of nine-tenths of the other tenth.

*January Thirty-first.*

Shut yourself away from the world for a while, think seriously of the soul and its needs, uncover yourself to yourself, find out who and what you are and who and what you are to be in the future.

## ***FEBRUARY.***

*In this I am wise that I follow nature, that best guide, and am obedient to her.*

**CICERO.**

†



*February First.*

Worry is useless. It produces no good result. On the contrary, it is utterly destructive in its nature. So far from preparing you to overcome disaster, it renders you unfit to meet it. It debilitates the soul and robs you of the very strength which you pray for.

*February Second.*

Evil habits need no cultivation. They are moral weeds which flourish with very little sunshine, and multiply with surprising rapidity.

*February Third.*

Selfishness is a despicable and demoralizing form of depravity. It is the



cracked tire of the wheel of progress, the broken shaft in the engine of moral improvement, a kind of spiritual earthquake, which turns everything topsy-turvy, and makes harmony, brotherliness, and true religion utterly impossible.

*February Fourth.*

No man has ever suffered more than He did, and none has been pricked by as many thorns. And yet He calmly tells us to possess our souls in peace, not to anticipate the future, neither to worry about what may happen to-morrow; but to bear as best we may whatever burden is on our shoulders and let the morrow take care of itself.

*February Fifth.*

If you wish to go to heaven in the hereafter, you must put a bit of heaven into some forlorn life here.

*February Sixth.*

The immortal life makes this life endurable. If a man has no future he has no present. To-morrow's sun shining on to-day makes the path easy to climb. If we are never to wake when we sleep, it is a pity we are here at all.

*February Seventh.*

It is safe to conclude that, after all, this is God's world. For that reason the tide of righteousness should be on the flood, while the tide of vice should be on

the ebb, and a little observation will show that this is true.

*February Eighth.*

It is possible to make this lower home like unto that above—so like it that nothing will seem strange when we reach the farther shore.

*February Ninth.*

Those who have gone await our coming. Our own lesson is not yet learned, but theirs is; and from their higher vantage-ground they watch over us and guard us in ways we cannot fathom.

*February Tenth.*

Your reputation is what men suppose you to be; your character is what you

are; and to possess those hardy, rugged elements of endurance and virtue which mark God's noblemen is to be fitted for earth and to be ready for heaven.

*February Eleventh.*

"The backbone of your religion," said Hiram, "isn't your subscribin' to certain propersitions about Christ, but your willin'ness to foller Him."

*February Twelfth.*

If you had impregnable uprightness of character, if nefarious methods were abhorrent to you, there would be no attractiveness in vicious deeds, and they would have no more alluring power than the fire has, which may coax you to thrust your hand into it, but which coaxes in vain.

*February Thirteenth.*

There are two prime duties—to believe in God as the best friend you can have, who will help you to achieve the best of which you are capable, and to believe in yourself as able, with that help, to fashion a godlike character out of the varying fortune which falls to our human lot.

*February Fourteenth.*

The man who is worthy of our praise is he who takes any fortune and hammers it into shape; he does not ask for good luck, but for the strength to make good luck out of bad.

*February Fifteenth.*

Human life may be reverently compared to an opera. God is the author of

the music, and He gives each person the part he is to take. Religion is simply the drill-master, who enjoins upon us the necessity of strictly following the score, and insists that we cannot make changes in it without injuring the unity of the production.

*February Sixteenth.*

The discipline of life is the best that Omniscience could devise to make the soul all He intended it to be.

*February Seventeenth.*

Money does not always enlarge a man; on the contrary, it frequently belittles him. It has more than once happened that as a man grew rich he grew small.

*February Eighteenth.*

The soul is too important to die, and the body is too unimportant to exist for more than a few decades.

*February Nineteenth.*

There is no satisfaction so nearly divine as that which comes when God's angels knock at your door and thank you for saving one who but for your efforts would have gone far astray.

*February Twentieth.*

Your character is really yourself, and if you don't like yourself, you will be compelled, either in this or in some other world, to take the whole thing down, even to the foundation-stones, and build all over again.

*February Twenty-first.*

Let it not be said in that future when we shall see face to face, that you pressed any soul back by an ungenerous utterance; for words are things, are piercing swords, are blizzards that tear trees up by the roots, are lightning-bolts that strike sometimes to kill.

*February Twenty-second.*

One of the highest virtues the heart can cherish is the virtue of a dull ear when slander croaks.

*February Twenty-third.*

Much of the sorrow which burdens the heart is the result of our own mis-doing rather than of God's doing.



*February Twenty-fourth.*

Love, faith, peace—these are golden keys which hang at the girdle when man is his best self; they unlock the mysteries of the present and draw the bolt in the door of the future.

*February Twenty-fifth.*

The man who wants everything is apt to end by being in want of everything; while he who gives freely is apt to grow richer in heart, though he grows poorer in purse.

*February Twenty-sixth.*

A great many people are under the impression that they can wipe out the bad which they have done defiantly by

doing something good as an irksome duty. The laws of the universe, however, will have to be considerably changed before that will become possible.

*February Twenty-seventh.*

We often drop a tear on a grave, whereas if we could see things as they are we should whisper our congratulations to the air in the hope that the dear one might hear them.

*February Twenty-eighth.*

If you build a house and don't like it, you can get rid of it, though perhaps at a loss; but if you build a character and don't like it, you will find yourself in very serious trouble.

*February Twenty-ninth.*

The idea of immortality, therefore, originates in the very necessity of the case, and we rightly argue that if God is just He will give us hereafter the opportunity which not even He can furnish us within the narrow limits of earthly life.

## ***MARCH.***

*And her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through  
the chinks of her sickness-broken body.*

**THOMAS FULLER.**



*March First.*

Suppose the church should say, "We are too busy to talk about theology; we will do that when we have eternity before us; for the present we must get out the life-boats and save the tempest-tossed and shipwrecked;" what then? What then? Why, for the first time we should understand Christianity.

*March Second.*

You may not have company in your Gethsemane, unless it be the companionship of the angels and of Him who sends them.

*March Third.*

The basis of all true reform lies in the fact that body and soul not only reflect

each other's moods, but that in the ideal man, the Christ man, the soul is undisputed master of the body.

*March Fourth.*

I know not where heaven is and scarcely care to inquire; but it is somewhere, and the thought is to the heart of a man what the falling rain is to the parched fields.

*March Fifth.*

The heart is the man. It is like the spring, in which the river has its source. Unless the spring is kept pure, the river will be turbid to its very mouth; and unless the heart is kept pure, there can be no home, no health, no happiness.

*March Sixth.*

The æolian harp makes exquisite music when the breezes sweep over its strings, but the human heart makes far better music when willing hands have busied themselves to uplift a fallen brother.

*March Seventh.*

Spend thirty minutes every day in the silence of your own chamber, talking to your soul about the great concerns of life, and it will not be long before you have God to keep you company.

*March Eighth.*

Moreover, there is no perfect character without religious faith, because faith is



the mother of incentive. If one is to fall asleep to-morrow and wake nevermore, it makes little difference what he does to-day; but if he is to live forever, and what he does to-day will result in good or ill to-morrow, he has a motive for self-control which, like the steam in the boiler, sets the whole machinery a-going and keeps it a-going.

*March Ninth.*

Another body, another life, another environment! That is what the soul has prophesied for itself as a consequence of God's goodness and wisdom. And then comes ringing through the ages the Voice which checks our tears at separation and transmutes them into the hope of reunion, saying, "I go to prepare a place for you."

*March Tenth.*

There is contagion in goodness, provided you are in a condition to receive it. It is said that the pregnant wives of the Athenians used to spend hours gazing at some beautiful statue, in the belief that something of its beauty would be transferred to the child that was coming into the world. Beauty was contagious, and the little one, slumbering amid the mysteries of a new life, caught it.

*March Eleventh.*

When God has given you something, do not take what man gives you in its stead. Your creed is well enough if you leave it on the shelf, but you must keep the Sermon on the Mount within reach for constant use.

*March Twelfth.*

“If God is simply exhibitin’ His power when He hits you,” said Hiram, “I don’t think I should praise Him very much; but if He hurts in order to help, you may feel the pain of the hurt, but you needn’t blame Him for doin’ it.”

*March Thirteenth.*

God never bestows a greater blessing than when He gives one an environment which puts him on his mettle and makes it impossible for him to have what he wants until he has earned it.

*March Fourteenth.*

Religion is the apple on the tree. What is called “getting religion” is

nothing more than eating the apple and by that means convincing yourself of its value.

*March Fifteenth.*

Our friends think us better than we are, and our enemies think us worse than we are. The first exaggerate our virtues, the latter our vices. The truth lies between these two estimates.

*March Sixteenth.*

The captain who has no polar star to guide him will sooner or later drive his vessel on the rocks, for ignorance never yet supplied the place of wisdom; and the man who has no ideal will never become his noblest self, because he does not know what that noblest self is.

*March Seventeenth.*

Faith in each other is the central idea of home, and it is as impossible to have a home where that idea does not prevail as it is to make a cheerful blaze from wet and soggy wood.

*March Eighteenth.*

Out of hardness and stern necessity, out of pain and suffering, out of frequent disappointment, comes the best thing the human mind can aspire to—a perfect character.

*March Nineteenth.*

If messengers from on high could visit Abraham and make their presence

known to Elisha, there is no reason to suppose that they are unwilling to come to our assistance.

*March Twentieth.*

It isn't the size of the field we till, but the work we put into it, that is important. A large soul makes everything large.

*March Twenty-first.*

"Yes, indeed I'm rich," said Hiram. "Look at the sky up there! Ain't that mine? Don't I have the use of it while I live?"

"No, I don't exactly own it, but then my Father owns it, and what my Father owns I have a right to enjoy."

*March Twenty-second.*

When a man comes to see what this life is for, and how the Almighty has so arranged events that he can weave them into a wedding-garment to wear in heaven, then he has the religion which Christ preached, and his gratitude is as irrepressible as the waters that bubble from the spring on the mountain-side.

*March Twenty-third.*

It is better to feed the soul than the body, for we can get along without the body, but not without the soul.

*March Twenty-fourth.*

You may have countless dollars and still be a beggar; but if you have ideas,

and moral principles, and rectitude of character, and eyes that seek and find the beauty which God has scattered everywhere, you are rich and your life is worth something to yourself and to others.

*March Twenty-fifth.*

The true prayer is a quiet talk with the Almighty behind closed doors.

*March Twenty-sixth.*

The noblest man that lives can do no more than furnish a suggestion of the soul's aspiring possibilities before he is called hence by the tolling of funeral bells. He leaves his task only half done, his song only half sung, when the reverend clergy pronounce the solemn words, "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes."



*March Twenty-seventh.*

Man's creed is apt to be a long one; God's creed is very short. Short as it is, however, you will have no time to spare if you shape your years according to its requirements.

*March Twenty-eighth.*

The probabilities are that while we know enough to obey God, we do not know enough to tell Him how the universe ought to be run. Religion therefore consists largely in making ourselves little and making God great.

*March Twenty-ninth.*

God's denials are the best part of His providence. He gives nothing without

its price, and that price is toil. We find fault at first, but later on discover that what is worth having is worth working for; that work gives dignity to the soul and is the equivalent of education.

*March Thirtieth.*

The good father lives in the life of the boy long after that father has crossed the threshold of a cemetery, and the good mother still speaks to the daughter when that daughter has children of her own.

*March Thirty-first.*

She had often reminded Tom that life is nothing but a vale of tears, that he went altogether too frequently to the

corner saloon to drown his grief over the fact. He had long ago begun to feel that religion and personal discomfort are as closely allied as cause and effect.

## *APRIL.*

*Think naught a trifle, though it small appear ;  
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
And trifles life.*

YOUNG.



*April First.*

What this old world needs is sterling and unwavering moral principle, and the independence to stand by it. These grand qualities of character must be taught in the home by parents who believe in them and exemplify them in their own lives, or they will never be acquired at all.

*April Second.*

That God chastens because He loves is a hard saying, but they who have been chastened can ofttimes find in their agony a treasure which happiness is too blind to discover.

*April Third.*

Human sympathy is always valuable and uplifting; but there are experiences through which you must pass with none save the Lord for company.

*April Fourth.*

Think of living from day to day undisturbed by the world's envyings and heartburnings, standing on so high a level of thought and purpose that heaven itself opens its doors every now and again, that we may catch a glimpse of what awaits us. That is what God would have us do, that is what the Christ actually did, and that is what the ideal man can do and will do.

*April Fifth.*

“My kind of religion,” said Hiram, “don’t scuttle out of sight at sundown on Sunday evenin’, come back again for an hour or two to the Wednesday prayer-meetin’, and then disappear until the church-bells ring on the next Sunday mornin’. All that is a delusion and a snare.”

*April Sixth.*

If one does not feel that the practice of religion brings its own reward here and now without reference to the future, then he misinterprets the purpose of God and all his wine is turned to water.

*April Seventh.*

Soul and body live together for a time. When the soul goes, that is the end of



the body; when the body goes, that is not the end of the soul. The house may be pulled down, but the man who lived in it may go forth and seek another home for himself.

*April Eighth.*

It is right and proper to pray, "Give us this day our daily bread;" but God asks a price for His answer, and that price is that you shall give some one else a share of the bread He gives to you.

*April Ninth.*

The worth of religion as a practical factor is beyond the reach of computation, and in so far as you succeed in

making it practical you render yourself satisfactory to yourself and to the world.

*April Tenth.*

Patient work with a holy aspiration behind it, these are the materials out of which saints and heroes are made. The man who whimpers and complains of ill luck comes to naught.

*April Eleventh.*

There are broken lives that might have been beautified, stormy lives that might have been filled with sunshine, desperate lives that might have been saintly, lives whose misery no plummet can sound. They are scattered everywhere, and they are the consequence of

ambition and selfishness in making the solemn compact of marriage.

*April Twelfth.*

So far from being a curse, the necessity for daily toil is one of the choicest blessings. Without it, the world would wreck itself in a generation.

*April Thirteenth.*

That it may be possible to overcome disease by a thought instead of a drug, and that love of God and confidence in Him have much to do with keeping us whole, or, to use the old English equivalent, hale (as in the phrase "hale and hearty"), is one of the doctrines of Christianity which has been persistently ignored.

*April Fourteenth.*

When a man gives cheer to another's heart the angels mysteriously put cheer into his own.

*April Fifteenth.*

If he ruins our hopes, or gives our love a wrench, or sends the dread Messenger to our household, the sad song we sing brings the angels nearer, and from the ashes of consumed desires springs a faith which draws the curtain aside and shows us a better life.

*April Sixteenth.*

The end to be sought is largeness of soul, and this—so strangely are we made

—is to be attained, not by having our own way, but by giving up our way and adopting God's way.

*April Seventeenth.*

The angels stoop to earth with smiling faces whenever a man sacrifices his own comfort in order to encourage some disheartened soul.

*April Eighteenth.*

The divine in humanity is developed by faith rather than by intellectual attainment. The most important part of a man is his soul, and if that stands plumb nothing can go crooked.

*April Nineteenth.*

To be forever discontented with what you have is to lessen, or possibly to lose, the power to make the best of it.

*April Twentieth.*

What we need, then, is to get back to a full consciousness that God and we are closely related to each other. Therein lies the secret of religion. Call it the new birth or what you will, it is nothing more nor less than clearing away the underbrush and worldly rubbish and giving the sun a chance to shine on our roots.

*April Twenty-first.*

There is no other foundation for a true home than the union of two souls by the

bonds of holy affection. Other experiments have been tried, but no substitute for that affection has yet been found, nor is it likely that it will be.

*April Twenty-second.*

“Parson,” began Hiram, “there is too many Christians who are anxious to do somethin’ great for God, and too few who are willin’ to do somethin’ little.”

*April Twenty-third.*

The world consists of little people, each of whom is doing his little work; but the aggregate influence is an irresistible dynamic force for good.

*April Twenty-fourth.*

To-day we visit our graves, but to-morrow we shall go to heaven and there discover our dear ones. We can be quiet, for though life is hard the reunion will give us back all whom we have lost.

*April Twenty-fifth.*

Our real wants are very few, though we are apt to think them very many. We can be happy—this is true of at least nine-tenths of the world—with what we have if we know how to make the most of it and the best of it.

*April Twenty-sixth.*

Build your character just as you would build a home. Solid masonry



and sound timber! God and Christ and the angels will then come and take up their abode with you, and when you step out of the earthly tabernacle you will be welcomed by the glorious company above.

*April Twenty-seventh.*

Diseases are largely the consequence of conditions of mind, and when the mistakes of the mind are rectified the ailments of the body will be cured.

*April Twenty-eighth.*

If you plant thistles in the spring you cannot hope to gather corn in October.

*April Twenty-ninth.*

You have a thousand struggles. Well, thank God for that. Struggle changes one from wet clay to marble. Face your fate bravely, and even fate will surrender.

*April Thirtieth.*

A family with a dog-eared Bible makes earnest church-members. God's blessing rests on the book when it is thumb-marked; and if its sacred passages are blotted with tears, all the richer the blessing. Bibles with the gilding perfect are an accusation. They represent the secrets of God under lock and key, where no eye can see them and no heart get at them.



**MAY.**

*Unblemished let me live, or die unknown ;  
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none !*

**POPE.**



*May First.*

The inexorable law is that your own way shall prove itself the worst way, and that God's way, which is sometimes plentifully sprinkled with disappointments, is after all and in the long run the best way.

*May Second.*

When we begin to count the things we ought to have we begin to be miserable, but when we begin to be thankful for the things we really possess we begin to be happy.

*May Third.*

To assert that you can insult His laws during a whole lifetime, and then, when

you have no more time or opportunity to continue the insult, can suddenly become a good man, fitted to enjoy the glories of heaven, is repugnant to our knowledge of the way in which the laws of the universe act in every-day life.

*May Fourth.*

Everybody has doubts, just as every ladder has rungs. As the rungs suggest climbing and at the same time furnish the opportunity of doing so, so doubts suggest the possibility of reaching the grandest truths and are frequently the means by which we attain them.

*May Fifth.*

You cannot wrap your mantle of self-righteousness about you and pursue the

policy of saving yourself and letting others take their chances. The Fatherhood of God repudiates that kind of religion, and the brotherhood of man grows pale at thought of it.

*May Sixth.*

Two homes we have: one here, with its mingled joy and sorrow; the other there, beyond the stars.

*May Seventh.*

Why we were born in this lower level, and must fall on sleep before we can reach the higher level, I do not know. It is a mystery and will always remain such. But of this I am sure: that for



some good reason the providence of God has decreed that a certain amount of experience and discipline and education is necessary before we can be prepared for the better things to come.

*May Eighth.*

How brief is the span of human life! Our days and months and years go by so noiselessly that we scarcely note the footfalls of their coming or their going.

*May Ninth.*

It may be unpleasant to live in a side-street, but a side-street with peace is better than the avenue with misery. Your acquaintances may shrug their shoulders—it is their privilege to do so if they

choose—but if the home is bright and cheerful, what care you?

*May Tenth.*

“There is churches enough,” said Hiram, “to suit everybody’s peculiarities, and he should be free to do as he pleases about that. I would say, ‘Jine some church, any church, and I shall be satisfied. Jine anywhere, only jine, and add your individooal strength to the strength of others.’”

*May Eleventh.*

Of two lovers a good poor man is better than a bad rich man. Pictures and furniture and rugs and footmen are desirable in their way, but you cannot afford to give a human heart for them.

*May Twelfth. "*

Lose yourself and you will find yourself. Love yourself last and the stars will shine with a brighter beam.

*May Thirteenth.*

We seek for the ideal life, and men do not furnish it, but women do. Humiliating as the confession is, it is true that the average woman is purer than the average man. The change that is needed, therefore, is a change of standard. We must abolish the standard which men have set for themselves and substitute the standard which men have set for women. Not less purity for women should be the rule, but more purity for men.

*May Fourteenth.*

If the clergy will forget everything else and remember only this one thing—that men are hard pushed and need help and comfort and good cheer—then creeds will be whistled down the wind, sectarianism will be banished, and the world be all the better for it.

*May Fifteenth.*

The difference to a man's soul, to his temper, to his general disposition, and, not least of all, to his bodily health, between the conviction that he can do great things with what he has, and the conviction that he can do nothing because he has not what he thinks he ought to have, is practically the difference between a life sweetened by faith and

effort, and a life embittered by an estrangement between himself and the very nature of things.

*May Sixteenth.*

If religion is good for anything it is good for everything, and no man is at his best until spiritual truth is just as practical and practicable as any principle of physics.

*May Seventeenth.*

“That’s what I call religion,” said Hiram. “I’ve got only a taste of it on the tip of my tongue; but what will it be when I drink it as the thirsty traveler drinks from the bucket at the well? I only see a corner of the battlements; but how shall I feel when I ‘hold them in full survey’?”

*May Eighteenth.*

Make money, but do not worship it. Pay a good price for it, but not more than it is worth. Honest dollars hurt no one, but dishonest gains are a consuming fire.

*May Nineteenth.*

“Yes, parson,” said Hiram, “there’s nothin’ half so easy as dyin’ when by dyin’ you reach the home where there ain’t no more tears and no more night.”

*May Twentieth.*

The world’s universal crime is selfishness. We have educated it until it has become a mania. It controls our thoughts, our plans, our actions. Events are simply sponges from which we

squeeze some benefit for ourselves, and we carry this so far that the rights of others are utterly ignored and self-gratification becomes the only god who claims our hearty worship.

*May Twenty-first.*

When we exchange our plan for His plan, it will be like dropping a pebble to pick up a diamond—like laying aside our untuned harps to listen to the music of the angel choir.

*May Twenty-second.*

The sorrowing ones of earth are specially near to the Father, and struggling souls are objects of His special solicitude. It is hard for us to see His face at such times, for our tears are like

clouds that hide the sun; but as the sun is surely behind the clouds, so is His face behind our tears.

*May Twenty-third.*

When a man's religion doesn't make him cheerful, he's got hold of the wrong bottle. He'd better break it, and get another one.

*May Twenty-fourth.*

Jesus declared, that the mind is the imperator, and that even our physical functions, our health as well as the measure of happiness we enjoy, depend very largely on what we believe or do not believe; in other words, that a man is what his mind makes him rather than what his body makes him.



*May Twenty-fifth.*

If you are the worst sinner in the world; if there is no spot on the broad earth where you can find a resting-place—still, as truly as the stars shine above you at night and the sun by day, so truly does God Almighty pity you with a pity that is fathomless and boundless, and so truly do the angels band together to draw you back into the paths of personal purity and rectitude.

*May Twenty-sixth.*

As the light of a distant star floods the earth long after the star itself has been extinguished, so the uprightness and integrity of the merchant exert untold influence long after a sorrowing people have laid him in his resting-place.

*May Twenty-seventh.*

The lonely heart that has been chilled by frosty misfortune, and falls upon a desperate mood, is surrounded by invisible agents, who are doing all that heaven itself can suggest to make the way smoother and the sky brighter.

*May Twenty-eighth.*

God's providence is both wide and tender, and the more you trust in it, the sweeter will be your life, the brighter will be your hope, the fairer will be your general outlook, and the nearer will heaven seem to you.

*May Twenty-ninth.*

Faith is the food that furnishes strength; doubt is the chronic indigestion that makes us weak and despondent.

*May Thirtieth.*

They who have gone have more friends on the other side than they could have here, for this life is made up of many streams, but the other life is the ocean into which all streams flow.

*May Thirty-first.*

If you hope to attain eminence in any profession and to reap profit from it you must make yourself familiar with the fundamental principles of that profession. For a precisely similar reason and with precisely the same end in view, you must know what you want to do and how it can be most easily done when you stand on the threshold of your career and look forward with hope. You want religion, but it must be a religion of common sense.

## *JUNE.*

*I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and cry, "'Tis all barren."*

LAURENCE STERNE.



*June First.*

If the laws of nature were triumphant, if our ancestors had not left their diseases as well as their property to us as heirs, we might be hale and strong until the machinery gave way. That is the kind of life and death indicated by the plan of God, but that plan has been sadly interfered with.

*June Second.*

The one thing to be guarded most carefully is the tongue. Deceitful tongues have done more harm than all the wars that were ever waged.

*June Third.*

It is curious to note our dependence on one another and how impossible it is

to be sufficient unto ourselves. The world may get on very well without us, but not for a day can we get on without the world.

*June Fourth.*

The business man preaches the gospel of rectitude more effectively than the clergy can do it. A noble deed is better than a noble word. The word may incite to the deed, but when we get to heaven the merchant who has led a pure life will occupy as high a place as the minister who told him how to do it.

*June Fifth.*

Do and say all you can to cheer, for God only knows the secrets of our lives, how much we need to hear such words,

and how much influence they may exert. But never, never, never, under any provocation, allow yourself to strengthen a rumor of scandal.

*June Sixth.*

“I think to myself,” said Hiram, “How good God must be to care for that ragged and unwashed soul! What a blessed thing it is that He asks me to jine in with Him in the work, and do what I can to lift that man out of the mire! God and me in partnership for the redemption of mankind! Why, sech a thought is a revelation!”

*June Seventh.*

True religion, the religion which holds this life in one hand and immortality in



the other, is the best fortune that ever fell to the lot of mortal man.

*June Eighth.*

You have griefs and bereavements? Then you have passed through the vestibule and are in the Temple itself. God has thought you worthy of serious work, and has asked you to do it.

*June Ninth.*

If souls are crying out for help and you sit idly by, there is no heaven for you either to-day or to-morrow.

*June Tenth.*

Quiet, restful contemplation is more magical than magic itself. It is utterly

impossible for a man to think about himself for half an hour without becoming ashamed of himself, and shame after a little will transmute itself into resolution.

*June Eleventh.*

The noblest man is he who has not yet done all he expects to do, and whose soul is lighted up with anticipation of better things to come.

*June Twelfth.*

There are two crimes which stand side by side—to speak evil of your neighbor, and to listen to it. The listening ear and the slanderous tongue are the two organs of the human body upon which the devil chiefly depends for the accomplishment of his purposes.

*June Thirteenth.*

Death makes no change in affection or character. To-morrow we shall be ourselves just as we are to-day, and there can never come a time when we shall suffer loss of personal identity.

*June Fourteenth.*

Men long to hear of heaven, and will listen with patient ears to the proofs of immortality; but they have no interest in the competition and rivalry of sects, or in the dogmatic and doctrinal side of religion.

*June Fifteenth.*

When religion has done its perfect work in us, it will be but one step from

the home on earth to the home in heaven.

*June Sixteenth.*

Suppose you could put a genuine love into the hearts of all men. I am sure that the gates of the New Jerusalem would swing on their hinges to let the angels out on a visit to the loved ones here below.

*June Seventeenth.*

A purely selfish man, who wants everything and gives nothing, lives in the suburbs of purgatory and will not have far to go when he dies.

*June Eighteenth.*

Even when it seems as though He had deserted and left us to our fate, the rus-

ting of angel wings may be heard, and the prayer of beseeching faith brings a calm into the soul as though He had whispered, "Peace, be still."

*June Nineteenth.*

"But if I do it with the feelin' that God is sayin' to me, 'Hiram, I have sot you to makin' shoes, and I want you to make 'em good; don't put no paper in the soles, for the sake of a little extra profit; and see that your uppers is well tanned; do that, and I'll see that you get to heaven'—if I work with that in mind, ain't I a pretty good-sized man in the sight of the angels?"

*June Twentieth.*

If a young man is equipped with the right ideas, the chances are in favor of

his being of some value to the world; but if when he stands on the threshold of life he has no controlling moral principle, he is like a chip on the surface of a freshet.

*June Twenty-first.*

As the servant of a noble man, money is exceedingly valuable, for it furnishes opportunities to enlarge the scope of charity and benevolence. As the master of a niggardly man it develops the meaner qualities of human nature and makes its possessor a mere caricature.

*June Twenty-second.*

If a man has any religion at all, do not ask him what kind it is and sneer at him because it is not your kind; but be grateful because he and you are trying

to get to the same place, though he takes one road and you another.

*June Twenty-third.*

It is not a man's duty to love God; it is his inalienable right and his inestimable privilege.

*June Twenty-fourth.*

It is a glorious fact that, though we find it sometimes difficult to rejoice in the good fortune of another, since shameful envy blocks the way, it seldom happens that we fail to be sorry for another's misfortune.

*June Twenty-fifth.*

If you have a serene and quiet trust in God, without whose notice no sparrow

falls to the ground, the events of life will arrange themselves into a kind of symphony.

*June Twenty-sixth.*

There are some things which only God and we may know, and religion establishes such a relationship between us and Him that we can feel a friendly arm underneath us and hear with our hearts the voice of good cheer.

*June Twenty-seventh.*

A perfect poise, that altitude of faith from which the ideal man looks down on the perplexities of life in calm survey, and looks up to a God who from that point of vantage seems close at hand, may be difficult of attainment, but it is worth all the struggles it will cost.



*June Twenty-eighth.*

Keep your soul pure, even if you are compelled to keep your body poor in order to do so.

*June Twenty-ninth.*

It is an easy thing to condemn a sinner, send him to prison, and so forget all about him. It is a very different thing to look on a sinner with pitying eye, and, while condemning what he has done, make him feel that you are his friend and will help him to recover himself.

*June Thirtieth.*

Wealth has very little to do with happiness. Money gives nothing to the heart, can purchase neither a moral principle nor an aspiration.

## *JULY.*

*A heart to resolve, a head to contrive, and a hand  
to execute.*

EDWARD GIBBON.



*July First.*

What are you worth to-day? Not in money, but in brains, heart, purpose, character? Tell yourself the truth about yourself.

*July Second.*

“There ain’t nothin’ small that God condescends to look at,” said Hiram. “His lookin’ at it makes it great.”

*July Third.*

The preposterous statement that a woman is more guilty than a man for the same act is slowly slinking away from the criticisms of the age. It is a contemptible statement, which can be

maintained by brute force, but not by fair argument.

*July Fourth.*

While it is possible for a boy with a mind full of mistaken ideas to throw them aside one after the other as he proceeds on his journey, it is also true that he runs great risks and will probably end his career with an armful of regrets and a handful of real happiness.

*July Fifth.*

A great many prayers are not prayers at all. A great many winged words fly as high as the roof and then drop to the ground again. One can commit as grave an offense by praying insincerely as by

not praying at all. A soul is neither saved nor helped by words without feeling, for such prayers are very close to mockery.

*July Sixth.*

In every age in which women are more or less subordinate, men are more or less brutal; and it is safe to predict that the highest type of manhood will never be attained except by association with the highest type of womanhood.

*July Seventh.*

Let your ambition run high, and seek its realization by hard work, but remember that it is a man's soul and not his pocket-book which goes to heaven.

*July Eighth.*

“In the last will and testament of my Saviour,” said Hiram, “I’m made legal heir to the immortal life. That dockiment is very vallible to me. ‘In My Father’s house,’ He says, ‘are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.’ So I’ve got a place here, and a place there; a house on the earth, and a home in heaven. This great gift is deeded to me, and guaranteed. The title to it can’t be disputed in no court.”

*July Ninth.*

The moment when warriors ceased to be heroes, woman began to take her rightful place. The instant brains began to be the motive power of society, woman proved her right to engage in the competition.

*July Tenth.*

It is faith, after all, which produces all the magic in our lives, for it is just as necessary to our personal happiness to lift up our hands to heaven, in the belief that unseen beings will lead us through the falling night, as it is for a child to believe that its father will protect it in the coming storm.

*July Eleventh.*

The man who seeks for this world's goods exclusively, whose chief possession is a bank-account, will find himself out of place in heaven—a stranger in a strange land.



*July Twelfth.*

The love of life, the sacredness of life, the right of every man to enjoy his life to its uttermost limit of time, is the basis of at least one of the Ten Commandments. Eliminate this clinging and you would make it impossible for human nature to bear its burdens; for it would very quickly seek relief from them in the peace and silence of sleep. While we live, this life is more important than any other life.

*July Thirteenth.*

The Bible has been an encouragement to the oppressed, a warning to the wrong-doer, and a consolation to the bereaved; and as long as oppression is to be borne, as long as warnings are

needed, as long as human nature needs to be consoled in its sorrows, so long will it occupy its place in the household as an indispensable volume.

*July Fourteenth.*

The man who makes the most of the little that he has is of more intrinsic worth than he who owns worlds, but is unhappy because he has not more

*July Fifteenth.*

If, like the prodigal, you thoughtfully come to the conclusion that your life is a mistake, and conclude to face the stars and walk that way, you can be absolutely sure that God has been sorry for you during every hour of dissipation, and will take you into the warm embrace of

His sympathy and love when you feel the need of holier living. Men may turn from you, but God never.

*July Sixteenth.*

Calm, quiet, relentless self-examination is the most irksome task which we ever set ourselves, and we gladly avail ourselves of every excuse to avoid it.

*July Seventeenth.*

Let your strivings, then, be after contentment. Get out of each passing day all the sweetness there is in it. Live in the present hour as much as possible, and if you live for character your foundations will overlast to-morrow. It is when men build without moral principle that they need fear the future.

*July Eighteenth.*

If Christians more fully represented the simplicity of Christ, were more tolerant of each other, gave a more generous welcome to the poor instead of holding themselves aloof, broke down the barriers of sectarianism, and vied with each other in the noble rivalry of good works, the church would be infinitely more efficient than it is.

*July Nineteenth.*

If you have love, you have fulfilled the law, and when the right time comes you will find your wedding-garments in readiness for you. The soul of religion is love, and theology is mere body—worthless material, which will count for nothing in the future.

*July Twentieth.*

If the rich man who spends his money on himself is deserving of censure, so also is the religious man who hopes to get to heaven whether other people get there or not.

*July Twenty-first.*

“Ain’t religion sometimes like magic?” said Hiram. “It does the impossible, and it gives us the one thing we want more than anythin’ else. There’s so much to it that once in a while I’m afraid I’ll wake up and find I’ve been dreamin’. And when I do wake up, it’s bigger, and broader, and higher, and more glorious than ever.”

*July Twenty-second.*

If you bring a smile to the trembling lips of another, you will soon discover that a smile is alighting on your own lips, like a butterfly on a flower.

*July Twenty-third.*

There never yet was a night without a star, and if you search for the star and do what you can to ignore the darkness, you will find more happiness than you ever dreamed of.

*July Twenty-fourth.*

It is not the smallness of your life, but the quality of it, that is important. You cannot be an oak or an elm, but if you are a violet under a maple, drink-

ing in the sunshine and the dew, you should be content; for in the providence of God humble lives cheerfully lived have infinite value.

*July Twenty-fifth.*

When the fact of immortality is brought into radiant prominence all the motives which govern us in this life are changed by being ennobled. We are not to work with the grave in view, but with the knowledge that heaven is just below the horizon.

*July Twenty-sixth.*

If it teaches you to pray for yourself instead of working for others; if you are indifferent to the wrongs from which

mankind suffer; if you have never spent your time and energy to reclaim some one who has strayed in forbidden paths, you may possibly have a religion that is better than nothing, but you have not the kind of religion which Christ came to reveal.

*July Twenty-seventh.*

You could have been counted as His follower in old Judea if you had simply believed that there is a heaven above you, and a place for you there if you will earn the right to it by loving your neighbor as yourself. A short creed indeed.

*July Twenty-eighth.*

Go your way with your own thoughts, but do not forget that your neighbor



has the same right to go his way with his thoughts.

*July Twenty-ninth.*

“What a good-natured creature Death is, after all!” said Hiram. “I’m goin’ on, and on, and on, and when him and me stand on the other shore, and he tells me to follow the shinin’ Cross and I’ll reach the City, I’ll say to him, ‘Dear Death, you have done for me more than life ever did or could do. I want to apologize for some hard thoughts I’ve had about you.’”

*July Thirtieth.*

By the religion which He represented we are enjoined to judge the fallen with the consciousness that we too may fall

some day; to hate the sin, but love the sinner, and offer a helping hand.

*July Thirty-first.*

When a man says, "This is well enough for to-day, but to-morrow I shall have more and better," he is in just the state of mind that makes the more and the better possible. But when one feels that his circumstances are not only a hardship, but also an injustice, he can neither get out of his present the best there is in it, nor look forward to the future with anything like good cheer.



**AUGUST.** .

*Whatever day  
Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away.*

**POPE.**



*August First.*

Religion, rightly understood, is the staff on which we lean as we climb toward the stars.

*August Second.*

The doctrine of Christ is the most uncompromising thing in the world; there is neither favoritism nor injustice in it! That is only another way of saying that if you have furnished your house with filth you need not hope that cleanliness will be satisfied to abide in it until it has been thoroughly put in order.

*August Third.*

Healthy bodies as well as noble souls will be the result when we accept the Christ in His fullness.

*August Fourth.*

It might not be fair to say that some people are so good that they are bad; but I venture the assertion that when a man thinks God made a mistake in creating flowers and painting the sky blue instead of black, and then runs his life by that theory, he depresses the spiritual vitality in his vicinity.

*August Fifth.*

“ He is with me when it’s dark and the stars are all shut out,” said Hiram, “ and then, havin’ allowed me to be in His company for fifty year, tells me He wants me to live with Him forever. After that, and with them facts starin’ me in the face, do you ask me to love and trust Him from a sense of duty ? ”

*August Sixth.*

Religion is not worth much if it encourages your discontent; for, after all, if you and the Lord keep together you will always be in good company and always have something to make you glad and cheerful. What is around you will be brightened by what is above you; and to-day, cloudy though it be, will be made radiant by the hopes that come from the great to-morrow.

*August Seventh.*

As the captain of a vessel cannot say that this or that is the right course until he casts his eye upon the heavens and notes the position of the polar star, so is a man powerless to reach the highest end until by careful study he learns what the



highest end is and what means he has to reach it.

*August Eighth.*

When the creed is hidden behind the Sermon on the Mount then all goes well, for in looking at the sermon you forget the creed; but when the Sermon on the Mount is put behind the creed then things must needs go badly. When the setting of the gem is so constructed that the gem cannot be seen, you practically have no gem, but only a setting.

*August Ninth.*

The yearning of the soul brings all the hosts of heaven about you.

*August Tenth.*

You are your brother's keeper, and you can do nothing better for yourself than doing something for others.

*August Eleventh.*

With a confidence in Him that never wavers, and a faith in the unseen agents whom He sends to your rescue, you not only need fear no danger, but you can also be peaceful and quiet in very troublous times.

*August Twelfth.*

If we knew what we are best adapted to do, and had an inventory of the mental and moral material in our possession to do it with, there would be

fewer sighs and less heartbreaking.  
Therefore examine yourself.

*August Thirteenth.*

The purpose of marriage is the building of the home. If there is any other motive—wealth or social position—we perform an act of sacrilege, defy the laws of the universe, and reap a harvest of tears.

*August Fourteenth.*

Heaven reaching down and man reaching up—then come the union and the communion, which work miracles.

*August Fifteenth.*

The lightning has always been in the clouds, but until the race had reached

a certain intellectual strength the discovery was impossible. You may state the principles of algebra to a child, but he does not apprehend them until he becomes a man. In the Bible more is concealed than is revealed, but little by little, as we grow toward maturity, we open new windows and get new views.

*August Sixteenth.*

To worry is to endure an agony before its time and so prolong your misery. God says, "You must suffer pain to-morrow," and you reply, "Then I will suffer it to-day also."

*August Seventeenth.*

Slander is never backed by a good motive; it is only a base heart that can say base things.

*August Eighteenth.*

Save some one, give some one a share of your plenty, pity the poor and oppressed, let no day pass without a kindly word or a generous deed, and angels will come and visit you, for you will be doing God's work in God's way.

*August Nineteenth.*

It would be strange to declare that one part of us, the body, can come to its maturity, but the other part, the soul, never will, for it is plainly true that no human being has ever yet reached that point where there was nothing more or better that he could do or become.

*August Twentieth.*

If you slight the house you are building you will never have what you want, and if you slight your character you will never become what you hope to be. There are pretty stern laws underlying both structures, and it is better to take pains while building than to have pain after the work is completed.

*August Twenty-first.*

The hour is at hand when this severely practical age will make a new use of the Bible. The day of dogma has gone by and the day of high and holy living has begun to dawn.

*August Twenty-second.*

A good thought, according to the revelation of the Lord, is better than a powerful drug, to produce health.

*August Twenty-third.*

“ If your sermon is good, and I make my shoes good, He’ll say, ‘ John and Hiram, you’ve used your talent about equally well. Go up there and sit in the front bench side by side, and jine in the general Hallelujah.’ ”

*August Twenty-fourth.*

Let death come how it will, it cannot disturb us. If it comes suddenly, all the better, for we shall be saved the pain

of lingering illness. It will be as God decrees; only let us be ready for the journey whenever we are summoned.

*August Twenty-fifth.*

Once know God as He is, once catch a glimpse of the real Christ, and we shall live within a stone's throw of heaven all the time.

*August Twenty-sixth.*

It is when the heart is not satisfied that the nature of the environment assumes undue importance. Two rooms will do, if nothing better can be had, when love would build a home; but a palace is too small when the heart is aching.



*August Twenty-seventh.*

A few convictions hammered out of your own sense of dependence, and the consciousness of your daily need to be watched over and guided by the invisible beings who "walk the earth both when we wake and when we sleep," will serve you better than all the theology that was ever printed in books.

*August Twenty-eighth.*

Death does not care whether your body is clothed in fine linen or in rags. He has been sent for your soul, your naked soul, pure or impure, and that alone will he take with him. He strips your environment from you as you would throw aside a tattered garment.

The only thing he will allow you to carry—absolutely the only thing—is your character.

*August Twenty-ninth.*

There is nothing in all the world that draws us to heaven so gently and yet so irresistibly as the sense of helplessness. Make life a round of pleasure, and the Lord's Prayer would never be uttered. But the smitten soul seeks shelter, as the frightened child rushes into its mother's arms.

*August Thirtieth.*

No soul will be saved in the future world which has not tried to save some other soul besides itself in this world.

*August Thirty-first.*

Strip the millions from one man, take away the poverty from another, pull off everything until you get down to the naked soul, and you find that the only real difference is a difference of character. Environment counts for very little, but character counts for everything.

**SEPTEMBER.**

*That chastity of honor which felt a stain like a  
wound.*

**EDMUND BURKE.**



*September First.*

It is belief in God's existence and faith in His wisdom which furnish all the noblest motives that actuate us, giving us a key with which to unlock mysteries, and the resignation of cheerful submission when the waves of misery dash over us.

*September Second.*

The wise man will spend his greatest efforts in acquiring what he can keep, and it is folly to exhaust yourself in working for what Death will disdainfully tell you cannot be transported.

*September Third.*

If what He does is right, then what He does is best. It may be hard, but

still it is best, and therefore we can be resigned though His hand is heavy.

*September Fourth.*

“A soul in New York,” said Hiram, “ain’t wuth no more than a soul in Woodbine. A rich man’s soul ain’t wuth no more than a shoemaker’s soul, or a blacksmith’s soul. A soul is a soul, the world over, and if you’ve saved one the Lord won’t ask whether it lived on the back street or up on the avenue.”

*September Fifth.*

He may be born in a palace or he may be born in a hovel; these are mere accidents or incidents. With our false notions of good and ill fortune we exaggerate the importance of surroundings,

but the eternal truth is that surroundings are of less consequence than we think.

*September Sixth.*

“The man who does each day the duty given, ain’t never more than a stone’s throw from heaven.”

*September Seventh.*

Death makes every man financially bankrupt. The moment he dies he becomes poor. There is nothing in the Beyond which he can purchase with cash. No shroud, therefore, has a pocket. The gold from no mine, the money from no mint, passes current in heaven. The angels carry no purses, and the jingle of coin is never heard.



*September Eighth.*

Loved ones are standing in the doorway of heaven, but there is dust in our eyes and we cannot see them.

*September Ninth.*

"There's lots of people, parson," said Hiram, "and good people, too, who are everlastin'ly talkin' about duty, duty, duty. I'm tired of the subject. If you can once fill a man's heart with love, the duties disappear. He hain't got nothin' left but privileges."

*September Tenth.*

A good woman's love is the strongest moral force in any man's life, for in some

mysterious way she has thrown his standard down and set up her own in its stead.

*September Eleventh.*

“Some learns the lesson slow some  
learns it quick  
That broken laws, like guns, are apt to  
kick.  
Take it good-naturedly, or take it cross,  
The thing that’s sartin is—you can’t be  
boss.”

*September Twelfth.*

“I believe in sects,” said Hiram,  
“with all my heart, but I can’t believe  
in fences between ’em. With a powerful  
devil to fight, I don’t see no sense  
in wastin’ our gunpowder on each other.

Instead of sayin' to each other, 'I'm right, and you're wrong,' I would have 'em say, 'We are both right, and the devil is wrong,' and then jine forces to whip the enemy."

*September Thirteenth.*

There was never yet a sorrow which was not a stepping-stone to higher things, and never yet fell a tear which did not bring heaven nearer. It is the evident intention of God that they shall serve these purposes, and the mission of religion is to keep us constantly mindful of that fact.

*September Fourteenth.*

What we are after is not the denomination, but the Christ who is in it. If

you shake the denomination off of a man and leave the Christ, he doesn't lose much; but if you shake off the Christ and leave the denomination, you take about all he has.

*September Fifteenth.*

Give us the globe for a footstool and a constellation for a chariot, satisfy every craving of physical appetite and every mental aspiration, but deny us any measure of faith, and the sun shines in vain, for the cloud within darkens the whole landscape of life. Better faith with nothing than doubt with everything.

*September Sixteenth.*

Words are more cunning than the subtlest drug, and more effective; for

while the one produces death, which is a matter of very little consequence, the others may result in despoiling a life, which is a matter of infinite moment.

*September Seventeenth.*

If possible, think of the other home as more real than this one; forever bear in mind the glorious truth that this life is the portico of the temple, and the other life the temple itself; shade your eyes, that perchance you may catch a glimpse of the white-robed multitude beyond the threshold curtained by death; listen, that mayhap you may hear their voices as they sing of the goodness of the Lord.

*September Eighteenth.*

Diseases, many of them, are the consequence of mental conditions, and curative medication is to be found in nobler thoughts and feelings rather than in opiates and stimulants.

*September Nineteenth.*

A soul which is always at rest, not because the experiences of life are restful, but because the experiences of life cannot seriously disturb it—that soul is already in heaven, though the threshold of death has not been crossed.

*September Twentieth.*

The only religion I care anything about is that which teaches me to be

of good cheer and makes me grateful for what I possess. We do not need the half of what we demand in order to make life comfortable. A slender income with a warm heart is better than riches and a restless soul.

*September Twenty-first.*

If we knew ourselves thoroughly we should work with more economy of energy and to far better purpose.

*September Twenty-second.*

When there is crape on our door, other households are hushed as though they shared to some extent our affliction, and ready hands are held out, and

generous and helpful words are uttered, which make us feel that there is a great deal of kindliness in the world, after all.

*September Twenty-third.*

Manhood changes to old age like a flash of lightning in a summer cloud. Some hard work, some short years of earnest toil, some days of bitter disappointment, some nights of weary weeping, and then the nerves grow dull, the sight becomes dim, the snows of winter are scattered over the head, the hopes of earlier days have either ripened or withered.

*September Twenty-fourth.*

If you can say, "I have saved this man or that man," the angels will reply,



“And at the same time and by that very act you saved yourself.”

*September Twenty-fifth.*

“Just think of it!” said Hiram, “He will take me to a House where there won’t be no more want, no more sorrer, and no more grief! He holds me up when I sink under the heavy burden, and by and by He will brush death aside, give me a share in the general resurrection, and allow me to live with Him forever and forever.”

*September Twenty-sixth.*

If fathers and mothers would see to it that their homes are made happy, and

have no other desire than that their children should make happy homes for themselves, this barter and sale which enters so largely into our views of marriage would cease, and the millennium would come this way.

*September Twenty-seventh.*

Faith is not the coin with which you purchase heaven, but it so forms your character that you cannot be kept out of heaven, because you have a right to go there,

*September Twenty-eighth.*

In the eyes of the Almighty the hod-carrier who is honest is nobler than the statesman whose eloquence makes his-

tory, but who sells his influence for cash or preferment.

*September Twenty-ninth.*

You are a block of rough marble. You may some time come to be a statue of splendid proportions, but you must be chiseled and hammered before that consummation can be reached. Grief, struggle, disappointment, the whole range of sad experiences which fill life so full, are the tools with which the Great Artist will change your shape by slow degrees and convert you from a mere block to a thing of beauty.

*September Thirtieth.*

You are to begin by being your simple self; you are to continue by thinking for

yourself and hammering out convictions which are your personal property; you are to end by acting for yourself. Then when you get to heaven there will be only two questions for you to answer: Did you have a clear and distinct idea of what you ought to do? and, Did you do what you thought you ought to do?



## *OCTOBER.*

*They are never alone that are accompanied with  
noble thoughts.*

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.



*October First.*

Speak, then, the kindly, cheering word whenever opportunity offers, reach out the helping hand to those needy ones who cross your path, and you will be surprised to find brightness and gladness in your own life; for no one ever clasped his brother's hand without discovering that in some mysterious way he clasped God's hand also.

*October Second.*

Disease never asks concerning a man's bank-account when he rings the door-bell. He is equally indifferent to all, and is never swayed by favoritism. He is past all bribery, and has no compunction, but goes where he is sent.



*October Third.*

The heroes and heroines of ordinary life are too numerous for counting. Men and women are daily facing emergencies which require a loftier courage than was ever displayed on the field of battle.

*October Fourth.*

As a general thing, when one slyly distils an evil rumor in your ear, it is because he hopes it is true.

*October Fifth.*

When men come to be more faithful, more loving and tender and charitable, the inheritance of nobler qualities will slowly obliterate our present heritage of

physical evil, and the perfect man will be seen on the earth.

*October Sixth.*

But, you say, if we were really appreciative of the suffering about us, life would not be worth living, and we should all have broken hearts if we literally bore one another's burdens. The answer is, the sooner our hearts are broken from such a cause the better. If it would be a very hell on earth to have a keen realization of the crimes and wretchedness of mankind, then let us live in that kind of hell until we can make it a heaven.

*October Seventh.*

With heaven right ahead of us, and the door already swinging slowly on its

hinges, this little front garden life may prick us with its thorns, but the sight of our home makes the wound easier to bear.

*October Eighth.*

There are bright days ahead,—if not here, then there,—and once on the other side, we shall see plainly what is now hidden.

*October Ninth.*

The man who dies has not reached the limit of his powers, but in some other world and under more favorable conditions will take up the work which death forced him to relinquish.

*October Tenth.*

Show me the home of a boy, and I will prophesy concerning his future without a tremor of uncertainty. Show me a man's home, and I can account for his peculiarities, his cheerfulness, or his despair.

*October Eleventh.*

This life is a period of discipline to prepare us for a nobler state of existence. But what can be said—except that the whole universe is a delusion and a sham—if, having toilsomely prepared ourselves, we be told that there is nothing to be prepared for? That argument for immortality is like the cry of innocence condemned to death by a capricious

tyrant, and demanding that the sentence shall be set aside.

*October Twelfth.*

It is worth while to live honestly since we have a heaven to look forward to; and certain it is—as certain as that night follows day—that our condition hereafter will be decided, not by our professions, nor yet by our creed, but by that combination of qualities which are summed up in the one awful but also glorious word—character.

*October Thirteenth.*

The rich may place a costly monument on a grave and the poor no monument at all, but the sleepers sleep the same

sleep, and the monument counts for nothing.

*October Fourteenth.*

Above the din and confusion of our material life we hear voices which tell us that heaven is not far off and that the two worlds can talk to each other. Bands of earnest men and women gather when the day's work is over in the belief that these voices come across the wild waste and bear messages of affection and advice. May it not be true?

*October Fifteenth.*

Think of heaven as much as you will, and let there be no limit to your thinking. Your thoughts will irradiate the darkness of this life and prepare you for

that hour when, with open arms, you shall be welcomed on the other shore.

*October Sixteenth.*

The man on a wreck who swims ashore on the sly and leaves his comrades in the lurch is a very cowardly sort of fellow, and the man who embraces religion because it will help him to get away from eternal fire, and who does not care whether others burn or not, has a very slender chance of winning the approval of Him who is Father to all His children alike.

*October Seventeenth.*

“Well, I am a shoemaker by the grace of God,” said Hiram. “If I make good shoes I shall get just as much credit in

the hereafter as you will for bein' a faithful pastor. All work is noble and honorable, and it'll take a good deal of argument to show me that all work isn't about equally important."

*October Eighteenth.*

An eager but unuttered thought will reach heaven more readily than the most golden form of speech that lacks either faith or confidence. Many of the prayers that have called a multitude of ministering spirits from the skies have had no other shape than that of a deep longing or a simple ejaculation.

*October Nineteenth.*

The opportunity to increase the size of the soul is universal, like the sunshine,



and there is no niggardliness in any corner of the globe. Never yet lived a man, whether he slept under a thatched roof or in a palace, who lacked the chance to hammer his soul into some divine shape.

*October Twentieth.*

A large fortune is the worst accident that can befall a youth, for his temptations are stronger than his ambitions. The boy with nothing to work for is already half conquered by evil passions. The youth with a high heart and wholesome poverty receives his inheritance from God, and God's gifts are better than man's.

*October Twenty-first.*

"That's so, parson," said Hiram.  
"But if you want 'em to check their

tempers for God's sake, and wash the dishes with salvation in view, they would toss their heads in the air. Human natur is laborin' under a great mistake. Men and women is willin' to die for the Lord, but somehow they're not ready to live for Him."

*October Twenty-second.*

Life is given that we may learn how to live. Adversities accost us as knights of old rode against each other in the tournament, and we are either unhorsed because we have not steeled our muscles to meet the foe, or are victors because we can trust our swords and our good right arms.

*October Twenty-third.*

The child who carries sweet memories with him carries also a shield for protec-

tion; but he who bears embittered memories falls easier prey to the evils which will attack. A happy home in the background throws a radiance on each succeeding day, even though the day be stormy and tempestuous.

*October Twenty-fourth.*

It may seem to be a grim sort of argument, but it is nevertheless fair to say that our sufferings in this world make the necessity of another world absolutely imperative. This life, with its inexorable griefs, its bent shoulders, its bleeding hearts and eyes bedimmed, demands a future in the name of ordinary justice.

*October Twenty-fifth.*

A purely selfish life, even when it is crowned with a kind of success, such as wealth, or literary achievement, or fame in any of its shapes, is worth less in the way of general happiness than the life of the humblest artisan who has made the most of his environment and the best of himself.

*October Twenty-sixth.*

“There ain’t no contingencies with Him,” said Hiram. “No unforeseen accident ever happens in the region of the Throne. When He promises to do anythin’, He’s goin’ to keep the promise, and if after He has give you the pledge and you have accepted it, if after that you go round with the feelin’ that He

can't meet His obligations, why, you don't understand who you're dealin' with, that's all."

*October Twenty-seventh.*

It sometimes seems as though the world had just waked up to the fact that the circumference of another life touches the circumference of this life, and that those who leave us with a whispered "good-night" will soon greet us with a joyful "good-morning" as we meet on the other shore.

*October Twenty-eighth.*

"I've knowed you for a long ten year," said Hiram, "and nobody can say

but you're a good woman and a good mother. Why are you always afraid that somethin' will happen to God so He can't do what He says He will? That's what ails you, and it's jest as much a disease as the mumps, and it's about as painful."

*October Twenty-ninth.*

The truth is the truth, whether it is believed or not. It doesn't hurt the truth not to be believed, but it hurts you and me if we don't believe it.

*October Thirtieth.*

You may be worth a million, but if you have done nothing to make the world better you will die a beggar.

*October Thirty-first.*

As the sculptor finds an angel in every block of marble, and with hammer and chisel slowly brings it to view, so in every man there is a grandeur of character, an archangel's excellence, all the elements of that kind of success which God smiles upon. They need but the Master's hand and the discipline of life, and then you will see a true nobleman.

## *NOVEMBER.*

*Truth is as impossible to be roiled by any outward  
touch as a sunbeam.*

MILTON.





*November First.*

We may reverently assert that no soul ever can, under any conceivable circumstances, achieve in these seventy years a moral perfection which corresponds with the physical perfection which the body easily attains. There is something wanting to the soul, then, and that something is an extended opportunity, which can only result from an extended life.

*November Second.*

Character is a growth, the slow development of years, but it is worth more to him who has it than anything this side of the stars, and worth more to the world as an inspiration and an incentive than

all the other elements of civilization in splendid aggregation.

*November Third.*

The man whose religion will not stand the test of careful thinking has not very much to boast of. Feeling has more to do with religion than thinking has, but the thinking ought to come first in order to give direction to the feeling. A man's feelings should always be indorsed by his brains.

*November Fourth.*

Do not try to adjust yourself to your environment, but fill yourself with faith and love and unselfishness, and you will soon find that your environment is adjusting itself to you.

*November Fifth.*

Some folks put theology first and religion second, whereas the world would be better if religion were put first and men were allowed to deal in theological speculation much or little, according to inclination.

*November Sixth.*

Not all that Christ said two thousand years ago is yet understood; there are summits still covered with mist; and it is more than probable that scores of generations must pass before we can make practical use of many truths which are literally buried in the Scriptures, awaiting resurrection.

*November Seventh.*

Irritation and worriment produce abnormal states of mind and are to be avoided for the sake of physical as well as of spiritual health.

*November Eighth.*

The habit of looking at the bright side is well worth cultivating; it is a kind of practical Christianity which the world knows too little about.

*November Ninth.*

“In my judgment,” said Hiram, “the best test of man’s conversion is found in the way he handles the drudgery of every

day. If he can stand up against that and hold his own, he can stand up against anythin' that's likely to come."

*November Tenth.*

A quiet home, on whose altar the flame of love and confidence never goes out, is as close to heaven as mortals can get this side the grave; a home which lacks love and confidence breeds germs of misery, which multiply until ruin has done its awful work.

*November Eleventh.*

Why was the soul made so large, if this life is all? If you were told that Niagara was made to drive the farmer's grist-mill for a single day and nothing

more, you could not believe it. Can it, then, be true that the soul of man will live just long enough to find out that it can do something, and then be told that it shall never have an opportunity to do this something?

*November Twelfth.*

It is impossible to think of God as responsible for a body that is imperfect, and equally impossible to believe that a body could ever become imperfect or defective if God's wishes had been observed and His commands obeyed.

*November Thirteenth.*

We are more apt to look on the darkest side of other people's lives and to think the worst of them than to look on

the bright side and think the best of them. At the same time we would be glad to have them look at us leniently and find a good rather than a bad motive. Doing unto others, however, as you would have them do to you neither suits our convenience nor our appetite.

*November Fourteenth.*

The springs of all issues, good and bad, are in the heart and mind. Give me a perfect body to begin with, and if God's laws are my laws I shall keep that body perfect to the end of life's pilgrimage. Feed me on unworthy thoughts, stimulate my animal passions, make me selfish and greedy of forbidden pleasures, and the crooked mind will in time make my body crooked, for in the long run the mind is the body's master.



*November Fifteenth.*

Much depends on your faith. No soul that looks at heaven can be crushed by anything that happens on the earth

*November Sixteenth.*

No mortal can have a better starting-point than a pious and soul-satisfying home. It is a thousand times better to have an honest father and a true-hearted mother than to inherit riches or social position.

*November Seventeenth.*

We talk too much about going to heaven, whereas it would be more profitable to discover how heaven can come to us.

*November Eighteenth.*

“To do nothin’,” said Hiram, “is what they think makes ’em different from the common run of folks. And so it does; it makes ’em worse. Then they collect ’round ’em a multitude of other men and women who take pride in doin’ nothin’, and we’ve managed to get things so askew that we call them the nobility. It’s noble to be lazy, is the gospel of this world. Ain’t that queer, parson?”

*November Nineteenth.*

Ill fortune is spiritually worth more than what we call good fortune. The rich man’s son is apt to slide downhill, while the poor man’s boy climbs to the top.

*November Twentieth.*

The man who is not conscious of an obligation to leave something better in the world at his death than was to be found there at his birth does not understand the highest purpose of life. Every one's years and example and character ought to count for something. It may be more or it may be less, but it should be something.

*November Twenty-first.*

Words are sometimes as light as thistledown in the wind, but at other times they are as heavy as lead, or they may even crush like an avalanche.

*November Twenty-second.*

You can live in such rare and health-giving air that disease cannot touch you, and you can live amid such elevating ideas that your soul will be in continual peace and the small worries and petty perplexities of life will have no power to disturb your serenity.

*November Twenty-third.*

Human nature is like an armful of hickory in the fireplace, with an armful of pine underneath. The hickory needs only to be kindled and it will fill the room with genial heat. Men and women can do anything under the proper influence. The capacity is there; supply the motive, and there is no degree of heroism which may not be attained.

*November Twenty-fourth.*

Christianity rests solely on the fact that it can do more for us and make more of us than any other religion known to man. There is no mystery in it. It helps us to live honestly and to die bravely, therefore we defend and support it.

*November Twenty-fifth.*

It is not demanded of us that we shall stamp our characters on a generation, since the ability to do so has not been given; but if we keep our narrow house in order, greet the small duties of each coming day with cheerfulness, and maintain the calm serenity of a contented heart, the evening shadows will not fail to bring us our reward.

*November Twenty-sixth.*

In our boyhood, time walks, in middle life it ambles, and in old age it pants in breathless haste to reach the goal and have done with us. A day is a week to a child, and a week is but a day to the aged.

*November Twenty-seventh.*

You are to do what you yourself think is right—not what other people tell you is right. You are to exercise your own best judgment when deciding what is harmful or innocent, and God will reckon with you on that basis.

*November Twenty-eighth.*

No man is thoroughly acquainted with himself. There are depths and heights

in his soul which he has never explored. In one environment he is a commonplace creature; in another he develops into a hero. The possibility of greatness is hidden somewhere in every man's nature.

*November Twenty-ninth.*

"I shall see you and him on the other side, but you fust, I hope," said Hiram, when dying. "When you come, don't be in the leastwise timid. Some of us will be right there to meet you, and I guess the Lord'll let me be among them that says good-mornin'!"

*November Thirtieth.*

With the spirit of Christ in your heart  
and the principles He announced in your

life you are ready for any fate. Your days come and go, bearing in their arms whatever experience God sees fit to send, and when the last one has been counted you lie down, saying, "It is not the end, but the beginning."

12





## ***DECEMBER.***

*He conceives that a death ought not to be lamented  
which an immortality follows.*

**CICERO.**



*December First.*

Angels hover about us, guide our wandering footsteps, avert impending danger, do what they may to encourage and cheer, and after the nightfall of death, when the morning comes, they will be the first to greet us and welcome us to that home where partings shall be forever unknown.

*December Second.*

A pair of willing hands with poverty prophesy a better future for youth than a pair of hands with nothing to do and a fountain from which dollars can be dipped in exhaustless abundance.

*December Third.*

Character is not an inheritance, it is an achievement. It would be cheap if purchased at the price of Golconda, but no Golconda can buy it.

*December Fourth.*

You will find the strongest proofs that the religion you believe in is from God if you will cease studying the theology which is in books and devote an equal time to God's poor in your neighborhood.

*December Fifth.*

"The Spirit of the Lord," said Hiram, "is jest as much with me as I sit here peggin' away on Widow Brown's num-

ber fives, that are split at the sides, as it is with you when you are tryin' to write somethin' that'll convert sinners and cheer the godly next Sunday mornin'."

*December Sixth.*

If the universal mind had convinced itself in the beginning that unselfishness is more profitable than selfishness, that purity pays dividends while impurity lays assessments, and had continued through the centuries to lovingly live along the lines of the Creator's plan, pain would be a thing unknown, the word "disease" would never have been coined.

*December Seventh.*

It is not well to despise money, but you should remember that while it will

purchase much that is desirable it will buy neither character nor happiness. Unless you generously share it with those who are unfortunate it will make you narrow and mean.

*December Eighth.*

Neither riches nor poverty need impede spiritual progress. One can be as noble in two humble rooms as in the costly mansion, for whether you are in the one or the other the same events happen to you, and they must be controlled by the same qualities of character.

*December Ninth.*

Death is no longer the grave-digger of the race, but the sentinel who stands with his hand on the door of another life,

ready to open it when the summons comes to each of us in turn.

*December Tenth.*

We are not physically what we ought to be because we are not morally what we should be. The lower part of a man's nature has caused every malady from which the world suffers, and no effectual remedy can be found until the lower is made subject to the higher.

*December Eleventh.*

The wise man has no prejudices. What he thinks is wrong may turn out to be right, and he has charity for all. This is a large world, and its mysteries are as yet unsolved. You have no right



to say, "Believe as I do." That is tyranny and folly. There are other brains besides yours, and probably as good as yours.

*December Twelfth.*

The various sects which are scattered over the earth are simply so many ladders by which the people climb to the upper regions. The foot of each ladder is on the ground, while the other end rests firmly against the Throne. When we die we shall leave the ladders behind, because they will have achieved their purpose and we can have no further use for them.

*December Thirteenth.*

Hiram wanted to live a little longer, because, as he said to John Jessig, there

were some things which he would like to attend to personally. "But still," he added, with a languid smile, "if the Lord has made different arrangements it's all right, and He will find some one else to look after these matters."

*December Fourteenth.*

The horror of doubt lies in the fact that it reduces the soul or the character or the man—whichever you please—to a minimum, checks growth, and induces a spiritual frost which nips the bud and renders fruitage unattainable.

*December Fifteenth.*

When you are in the presence of the Lord, you will be poorly off if you have nothing better to say than that you

accepted all the creeds of the church and kept yourself unspotted from the world. But you will be well off if you can assure Him that you kept some one else unspotted from the world at great pains and sacrifice.

*December Sixteenth.*

If there is no life beyond the grave, our mothers should have wept over our cradles instead of rejoicing at our birth.

*December Seventeenth.*

Prayer is either an offering of gratitude or a petition for help. If the Christian's faith is genuine he keeps the way always open between himself and heaven; feels quite a liberty, under all circumstances, to state his case in his

own terms; is sure that the Lord has not retired beyond hearing distance, and that what he asks will be granted if on the whole it is best that it should be.

*December Eighteenth.*

Your life, everybody's life, has its pathetic side, and you will need the sympathy of God if you are to do good work.

*December Nineteenth.*

Grief over withered hopes cannot be assuaged by diamonds and splendor, and many a woman has been driven to desperation and wrong-doing because, in spite of her credit at the bankers', she found it impossible to live on indifference and neglect.

*December Twentieth.*

This brief life is only a trial-trip. We pass by a few buoys in the harbor of eternal life, we stem the ebb or flood tide for a few hours, we just get a glimpse of the ocean that spreads beyond our vision, and then what we call death intervenes. With the great Atlantic of immortality ahead of us shall we come to anchor in the grave?

*December Twenty-first.*

Mere arguments are seldom conclusive, for in a debate the brighter or more strategic mind takes the lead; but when instead of arguments you have facts, and can say to the world, "Christianity has done this or that; it has caused the people to create these or those institu-

tions, political or charitable," then you demonstrate its worth or its worthlessness.

*December Twenty-second.*

A man needs ambition, just as a horse needs the spur; but you can spur a horse until he becomes nervously exhausted, and a man can be so ambitious that he loses sight of honesty and moral principle and rectitude of character—in which case he may be a millionaire, but he is at the same time a spiritual wreck.

*December Twenty-third.*

"No religion is wuth havin'," said Hiram, "unless a man sticks to it in a horse trade, or when he's paintin' a

barn; and if a professor sands his sugar and waters his milk, he's goin' to have a tough time when certain unfort'nate questions is asked by the Lord."

*December Twenty-fourth.*

We were made for eternity, and the great ambitions which throb in our souls cannot be stilled by death. The funeral procession leaves us at the mouth of the harbor, and when our friends return to their homes we spread invisible canvas and sail on and on toward the throne of God.

*December Twenty-fifth.*

Take the apple that hangs within reach and eat it. If it quenches your thirst and satisfies your appetite, it

makes no difference who planted the tree or how the fruit came from the blossom. Religion consists in eating the apple; theology, in finding out who planted the tree.

*December Twenty-sixth.*

The time may come when our spiritual vision will be so developed that we shall see what the prophet saw—hosts of angels in the air; and that millennial period is not far off.

*December Twenty-seventh.*

The hope to attain is always an inspiration, but actual attainment is frequently a disappointment and sometimes a positive misfortune.



*December Twenty-eighth.*

To begin with a doubt is simply to whet your appetite for truth; to end with a doubt is to give that whetted appetite no food to eat and so to die of starvation.

*December Twenty-ninth.*

The true philosophy of life teaches us to do what we can, but not to worry because we cannot do more.

*December Thirtieth.*

“Nobody has ever come back from the other world to tell the story of his experiences there?” Then close your Bible and clasp it with a clasp, for it has

strangely misled us. It opens with the declaration that God held vocal communication with man, and ends with a description of the Celestial City, which makes the nerves tingle with gratitude, while bereavement and sorrow cry out with joy.

*December Thirty-first.*

We are on the road home, and the way is sometimes dark and dreary, but when we get there we shall see that every experience of earth was intended to fit us for the higher joys of heaven.



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